

MARVEL

015

FALL OF X

GILLEN
MEDINA
CURIEL



真象
BOOKS



Orchis Safe Site XII.

Something is amiss on Krakoa. Shaw asked me to investigate.

I made him say "Please."

Hello, boys.



You all *ran* rather than spend another second on that island...

That seems strange. Not like professional murderers at all...



...let's have a look.

I'm a talented telepath.

I *could* sift through their minds to look for clues...



...but why would I do something boring like that?



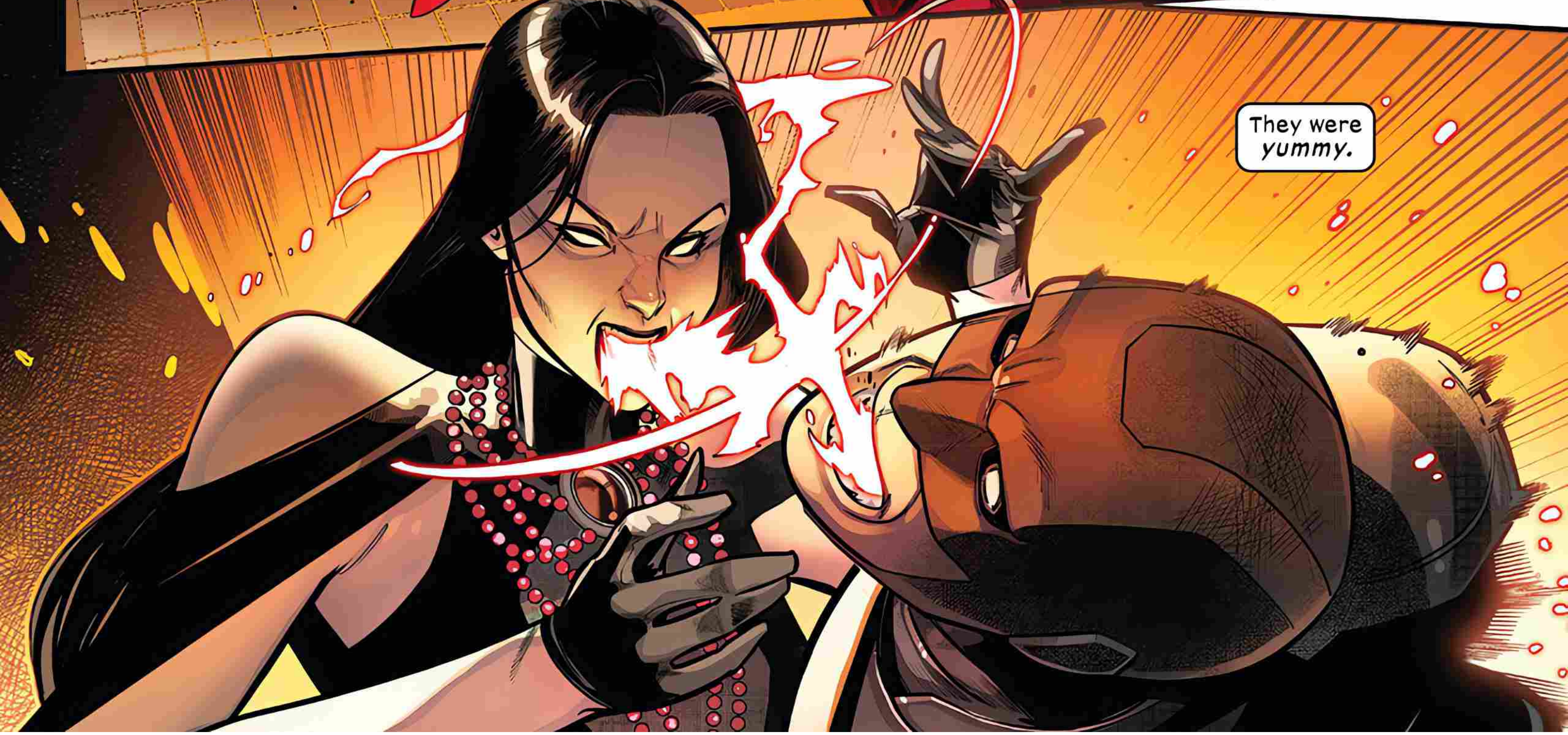
When I eat someone, I consume their memories. I know exactly who each of them was.

Their hopes, their fears, their everything.

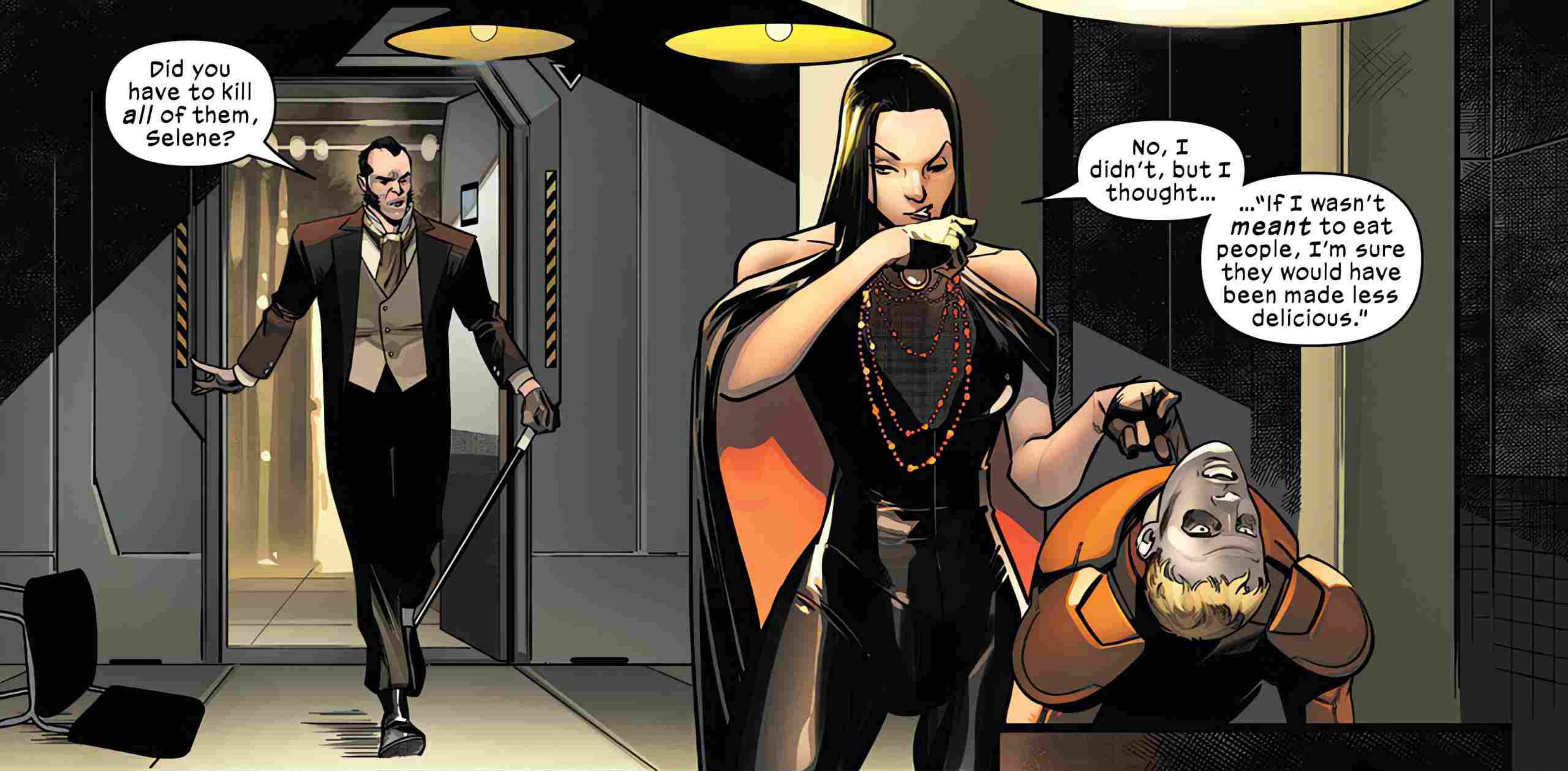


I see them in all their humanity.

Do you know what I mostly think?



They were yummy.



Did you have to kill *all* of them, Selene?

No, I didn't, but I thought...

...*"If I wasn't meant to eat people, I'm sure they would have been made less delicious."*



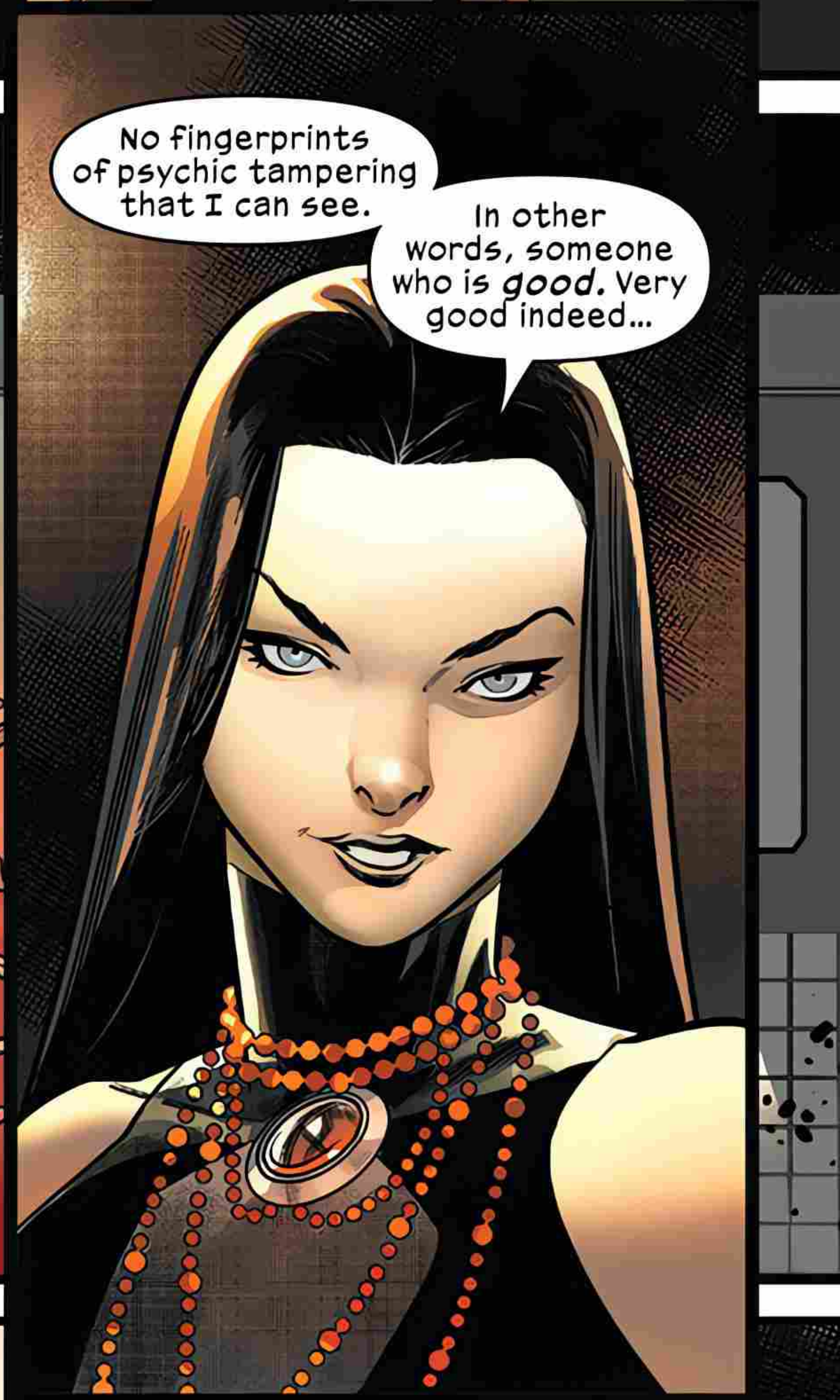
That was your problem with your little island. Thinking that a mutant flag was enough to wrap us all in.

I don't *want* to live in a happy paradise. I don't *want* to be freed from my oh-so-terrible, terrible curse.

I *want* to eat people.

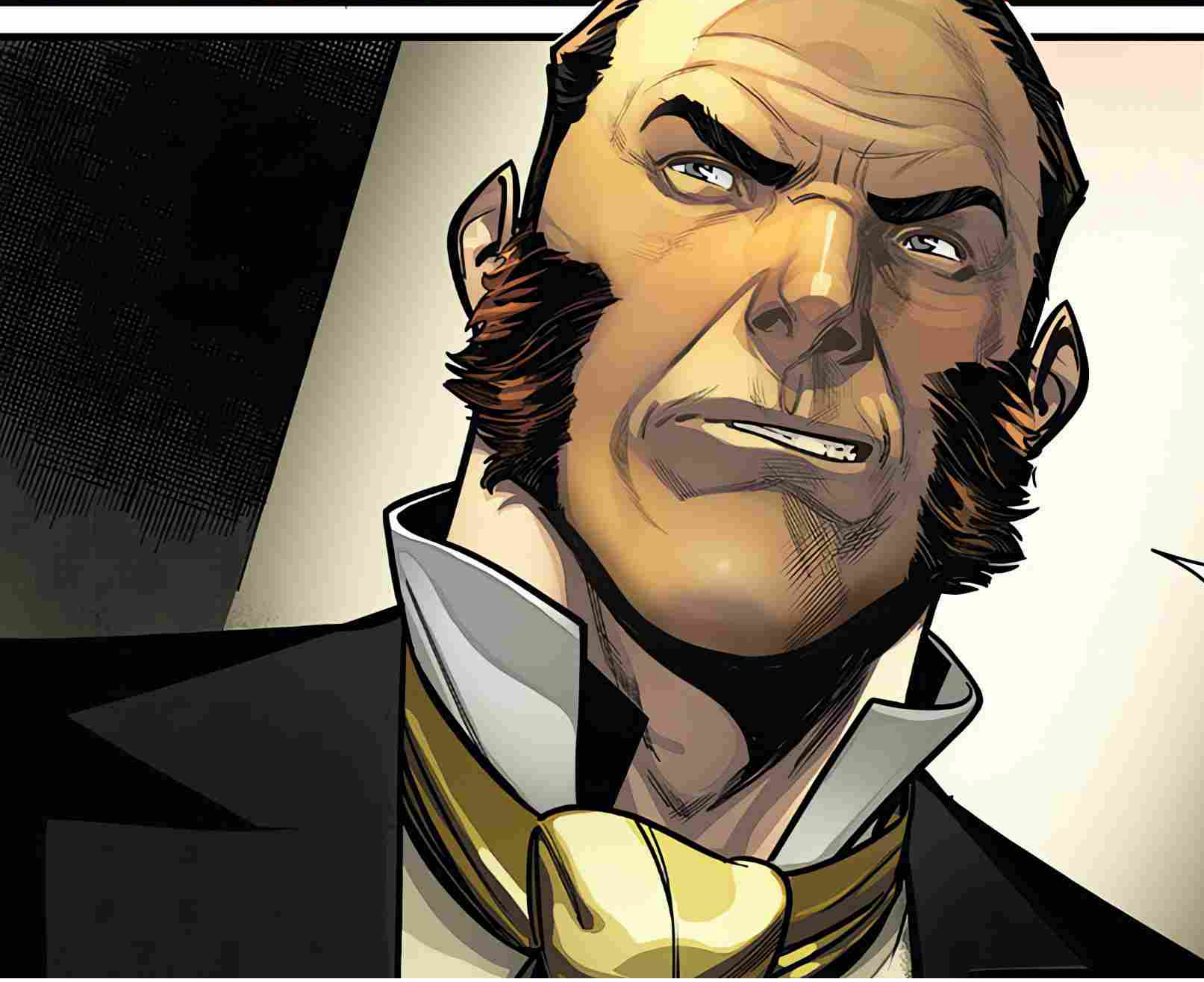
Enough grandstanding, Selene. I bet the act got yawns when you did it in Carthage.

What's going on?



No fingerprints of psychic tampering that I can see.

In other words, someone who is *good*. Very good indeed...



Ah. Xavier.

Excellent. *Xavier*, we can deal with.

[fall_of]
[X]

[FALL OF X] IMMORTAL

[fall_of]
[X]

BUT WE MUST FEED

Xavier sits in self-imposed exile and vigil on the island of Krakoa, surrounded by the ruins of the mutant nation following Orchis’ heinous attack on the Hellfire Gala. While a handful of mutants were able to resist Xavier’s psychic push to flee at the gala, all those who Xavier compelled through a Krakoan gate in the hope of sending them somewhere safer have disappeared from his senses...and from the face of the Earth.

Among those who walked through the Krakoan gates, Exodus, Hope, Destiny and a horde of low-powered civilian mutants have suddenly found themselves cast into a desert. But the desert is harsh, and they’re not out of danger just yet...

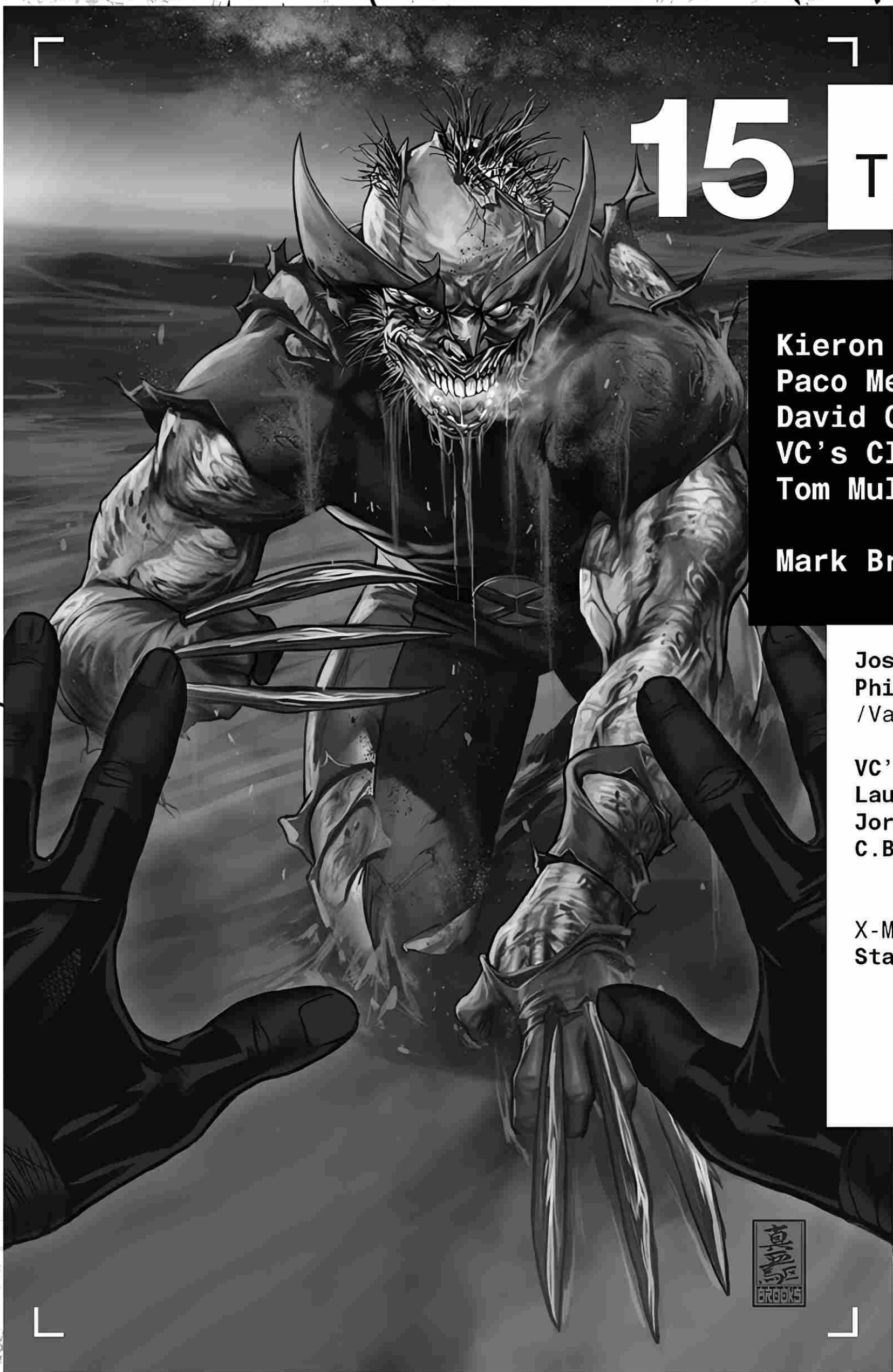
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- 1 [CHARLES XAVIER]
- 2 [SEBASTIAN SHAW]
- 3 [SELENE GALLIO]
- 4 [EXODUS]
- 5 [HOPE SUMMERS]
- 6 [DESTINY]



IMMORTAL
X-MEN

15 “THIRST THINGS FIRST”



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Paco Medina/Artist
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X-Men created by
Stan Lee & Jack Kirby

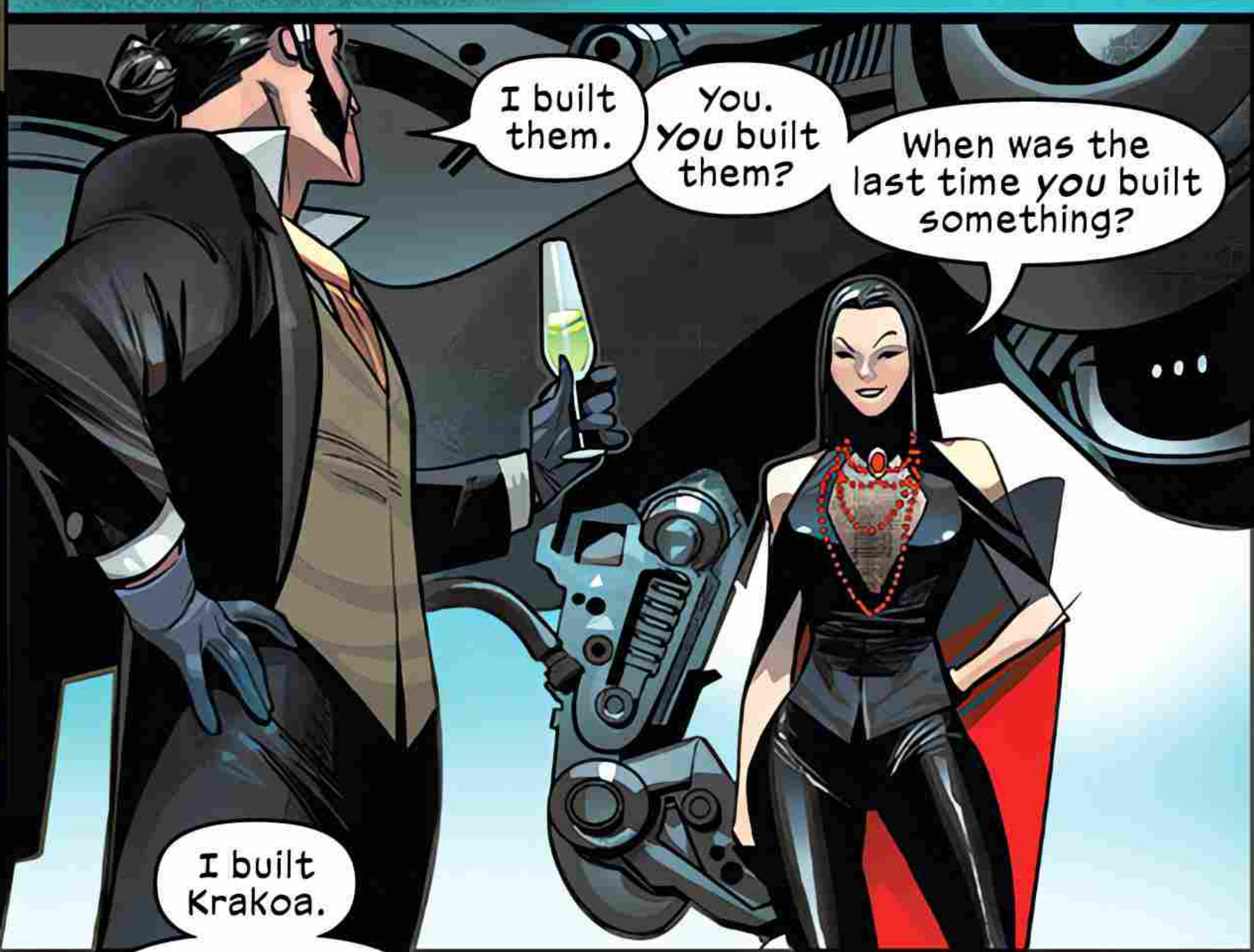
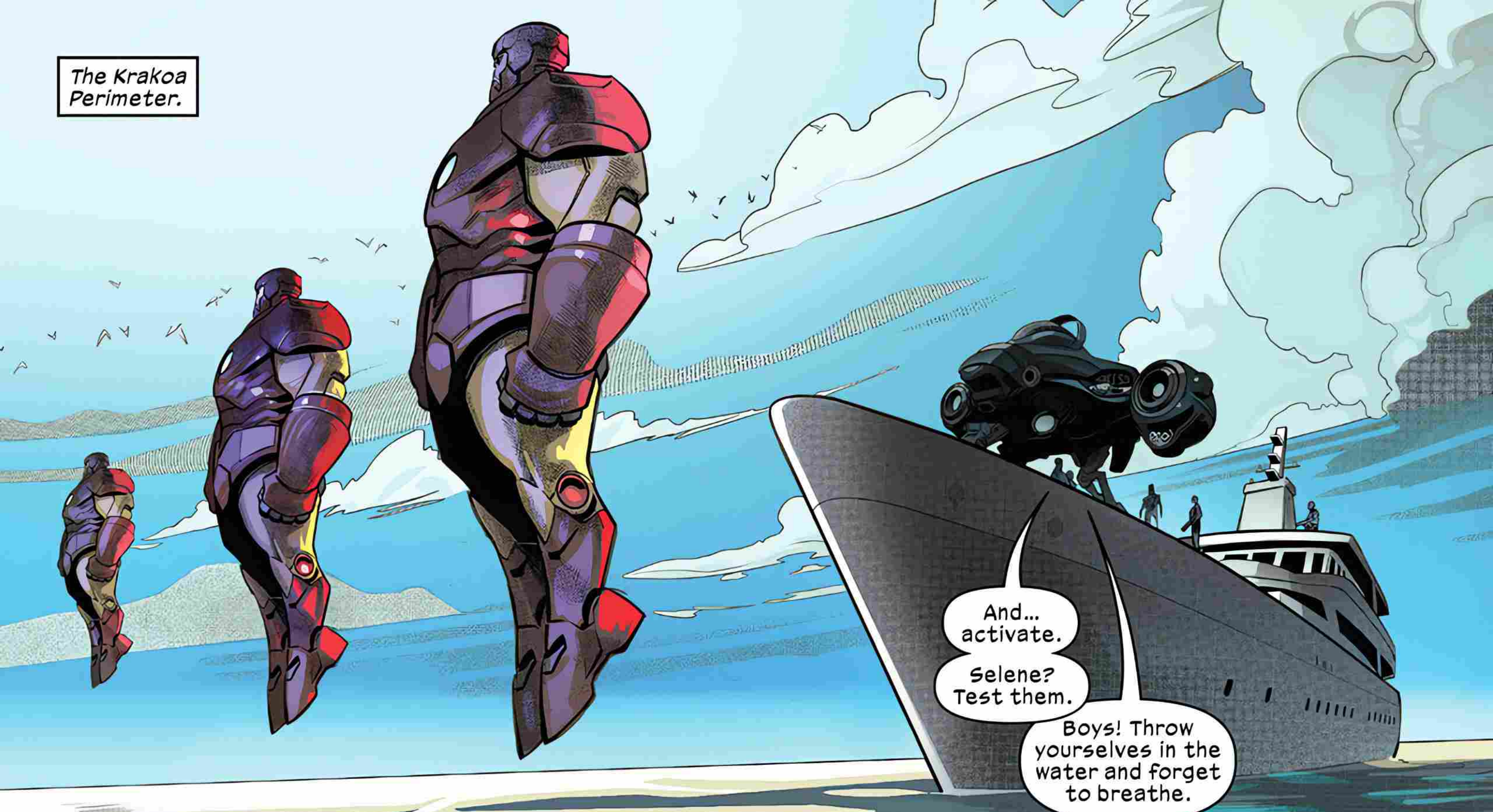
[Immortal_{0.15}]

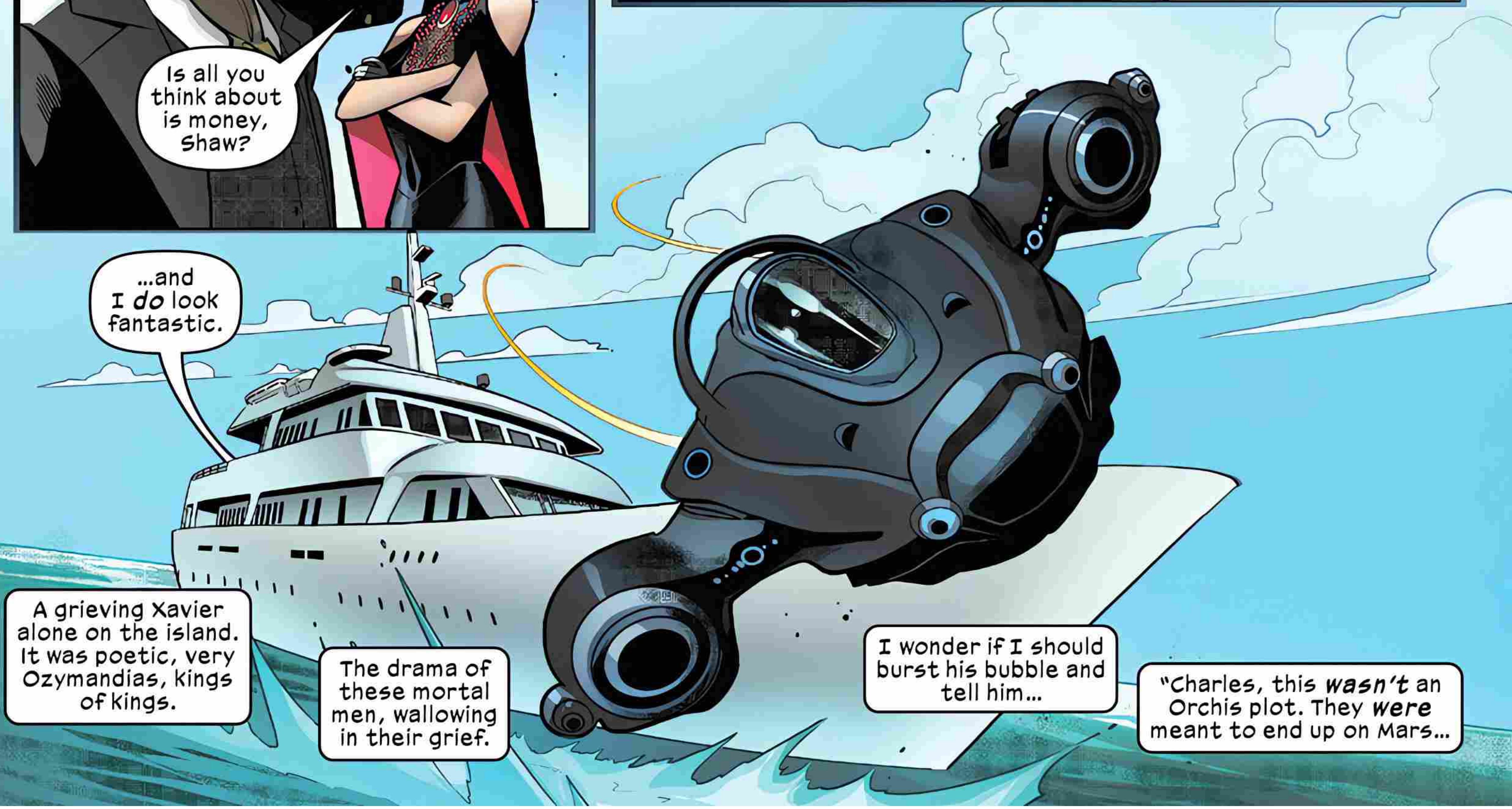
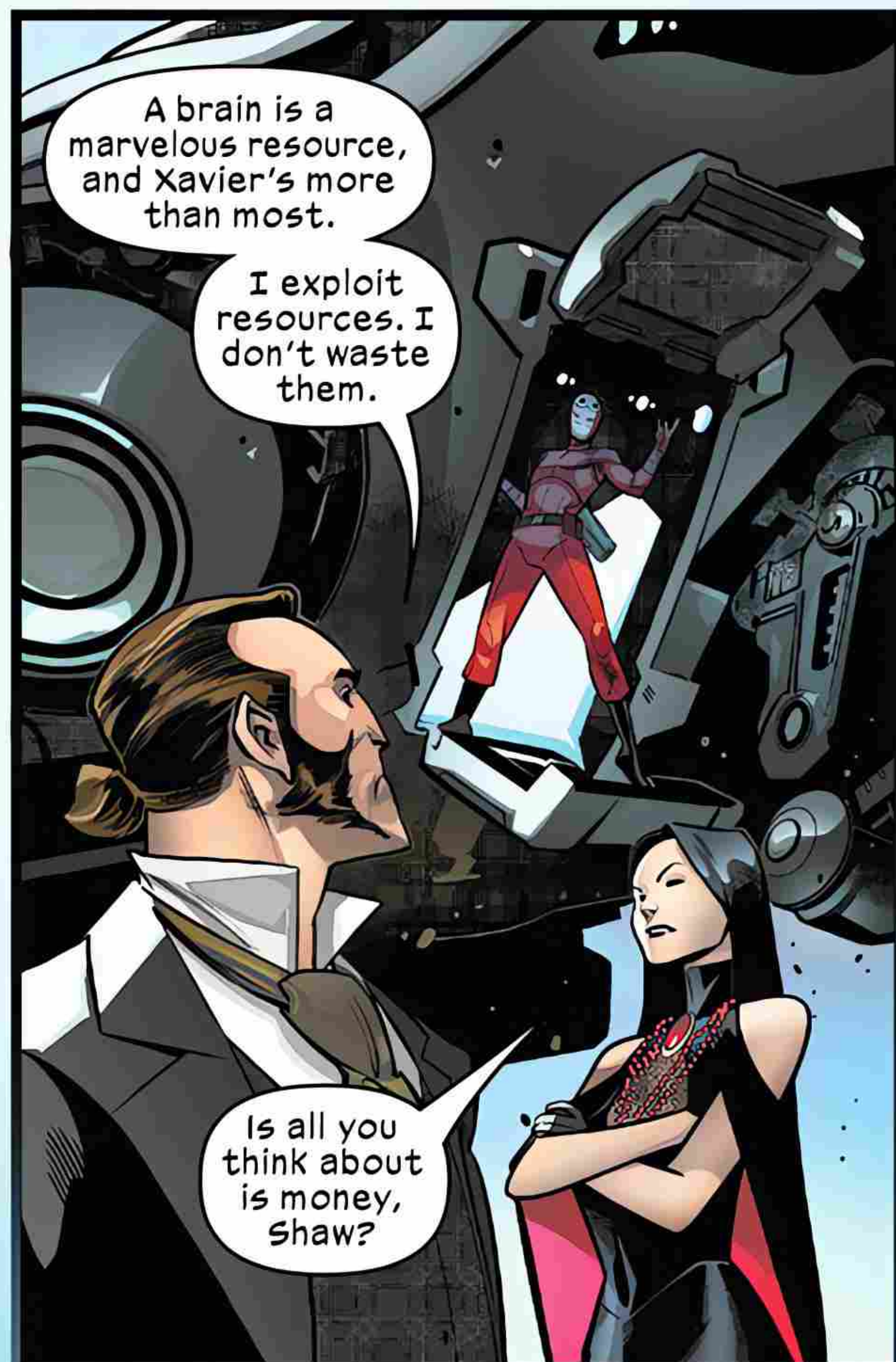
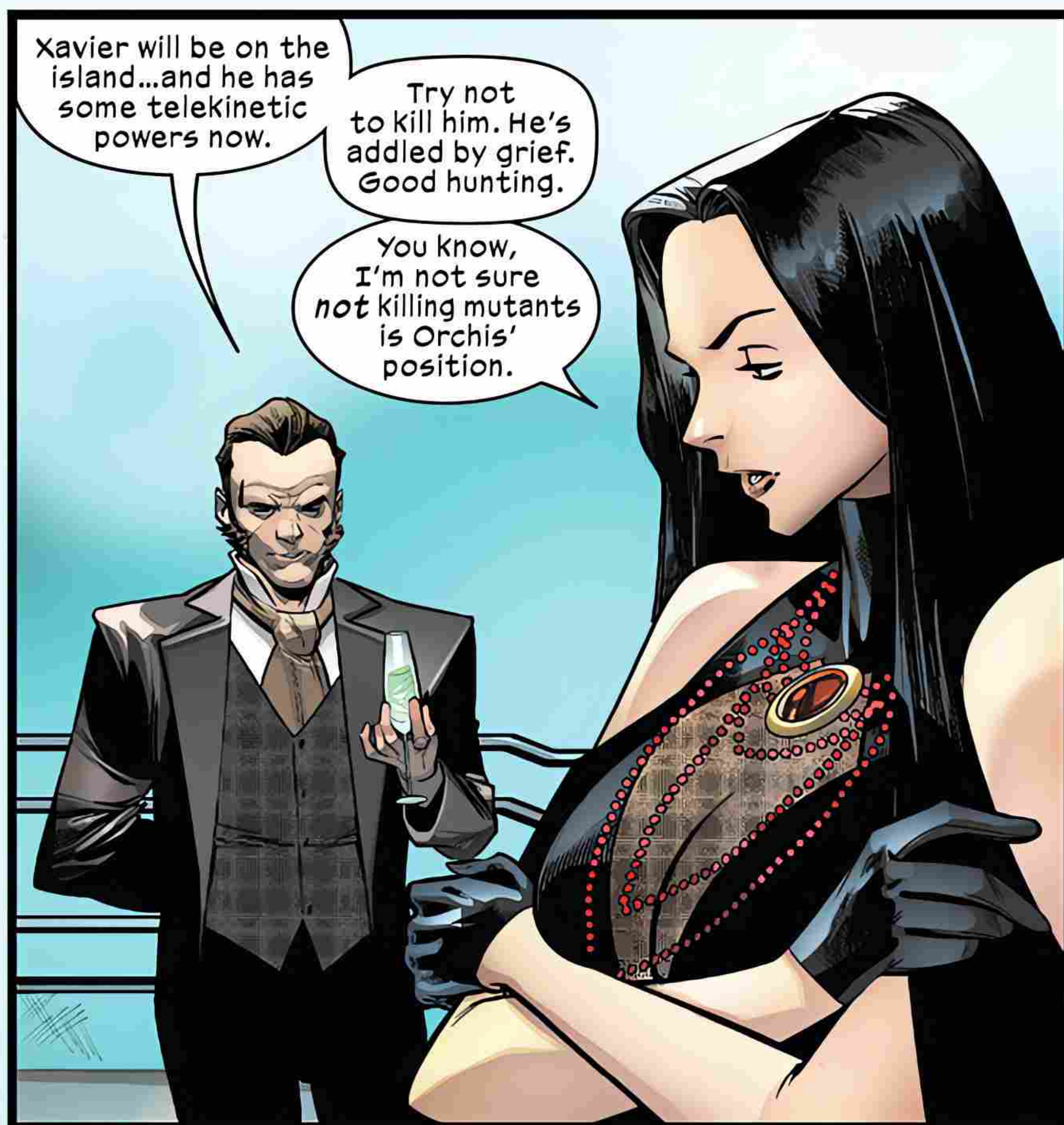
[fall_of]
[X]

[Immortal_{0.15}]

[fall_of]
[X]

The Krakoa Perimeter.





"...we have no idea where all the mutants went either."

Nowhere,
nowhen.

GhhHhh!

AGGGGGH!

It is
done.



Drink,
but no more
than you
need.

We have
a long way to
march until the
promised
land.



It's a
miracle!

It's water
vapor gathered
from miles
around.

We're
drinking in a
desert. That
feels like a
miracle
to me.



Hey, Exodus.
How long can you
keep this up?

We will
take turns. You
can use my gift. We
will carry each other,
as you carry the
ungrateful
Destiny.

We will
survive until
the promised
land...

Have you
really had
a vision of a
promised
land?



Perhaps. At least, arguably.
That is the nature of visions,
is it not?

You
cannot be
sure. Hence,
faith.

Oh,
save
us.

Come on.
Using visions
is your game,
Destiny.

If you're
not seeing
something, we have
to give them
something.

Everyone
needs hope
now.



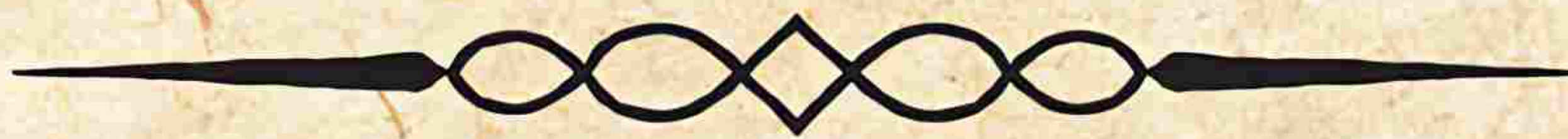
My name really makes
things difficult,
right?

Or
at least *really*
egotistical.

Your name
is essential,
Messiah. We
cannot forget what
your name means,
and we cannot
forget you.

We lose
you or what your
name represents,
and we have
nothing.

Destiny's Diary of the Krakoan Diaspora Day 9



WATER: None. Deploying Omega-level telekinetic power to gather ambient water is the only solution we have, and it's unclear how long even Exodus and Hope can maintain this. We travel by night to conserve water.

FOOD: No hunting, no plants. We are reliant on the few generative mutants among us. They are supported by their peers -- some are even carried if their work exhausts them. Even so, we're on starvation rations. Exodus remains confident: One mutant fed five thousand two millennia ago. He is sure 250,000 mutants can feed 250,000 mutants. I wish I had his faith.

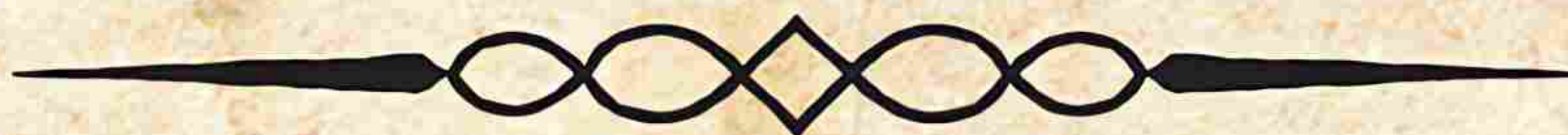
SHELTER: We have none and are in a desert. By day, our telekinetics and other matter-manipulators carve caves from the sand to give crude shelter. Skin-shedders and others who can generate pseudo-fabrics have been organized to produce material. Jumbo Carnation has arranged workshops and designed simple, robust garments, bags, etc. For a creature of high fashion, he has proved adaptable.

SECURITY: Without my gifts, my increased paranoia has found an outlet. I cannot see the dangers ahead, so ensure others are watching. Rotating patrols of swift mutants keep our perimeter as we march. The few more physically capable mutants are kept as a reserve, in case they find a threat. So far, thankfully, nothing.

THE ABSENT: Not all who went through the gates are here. Most importantly, four of the Five. We cannot actively search for them until we have solved more pressing needs, but the patrols are looking for any clue. Exodus and Hope perform telepathic scans night and morning. So far, nothing. I pray that Mystique is out there -- she would survive this place alone, I know. I fear she isn't.

HEALTH: No disease as of yet, thankfully. Without the Five, our immortality seems far away.

THE PROMISED LAND: Still promised, not delivered.



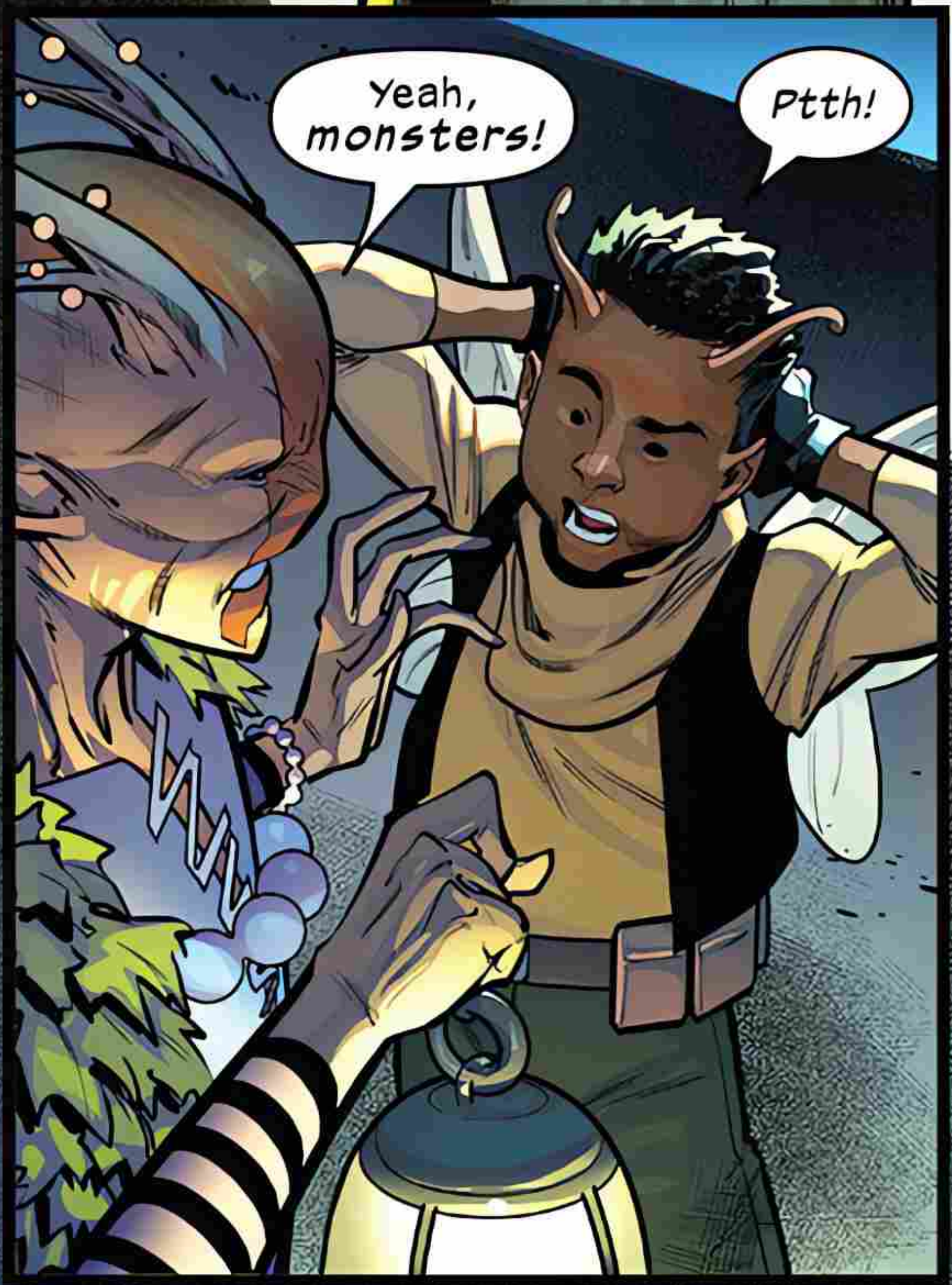


That's my shift for the day. No more sun, can't use my gift. I made-- ooh--a jar of glucose.

Want to march with me, Kafka?

Can't, Phil. I'm on patrol tonight.

Flying wobbly for a few hundred meters at a time and looking out for "monsters."



Yeah, monsters!

Ptth!



In a desert where we haven't seen anyone for days!

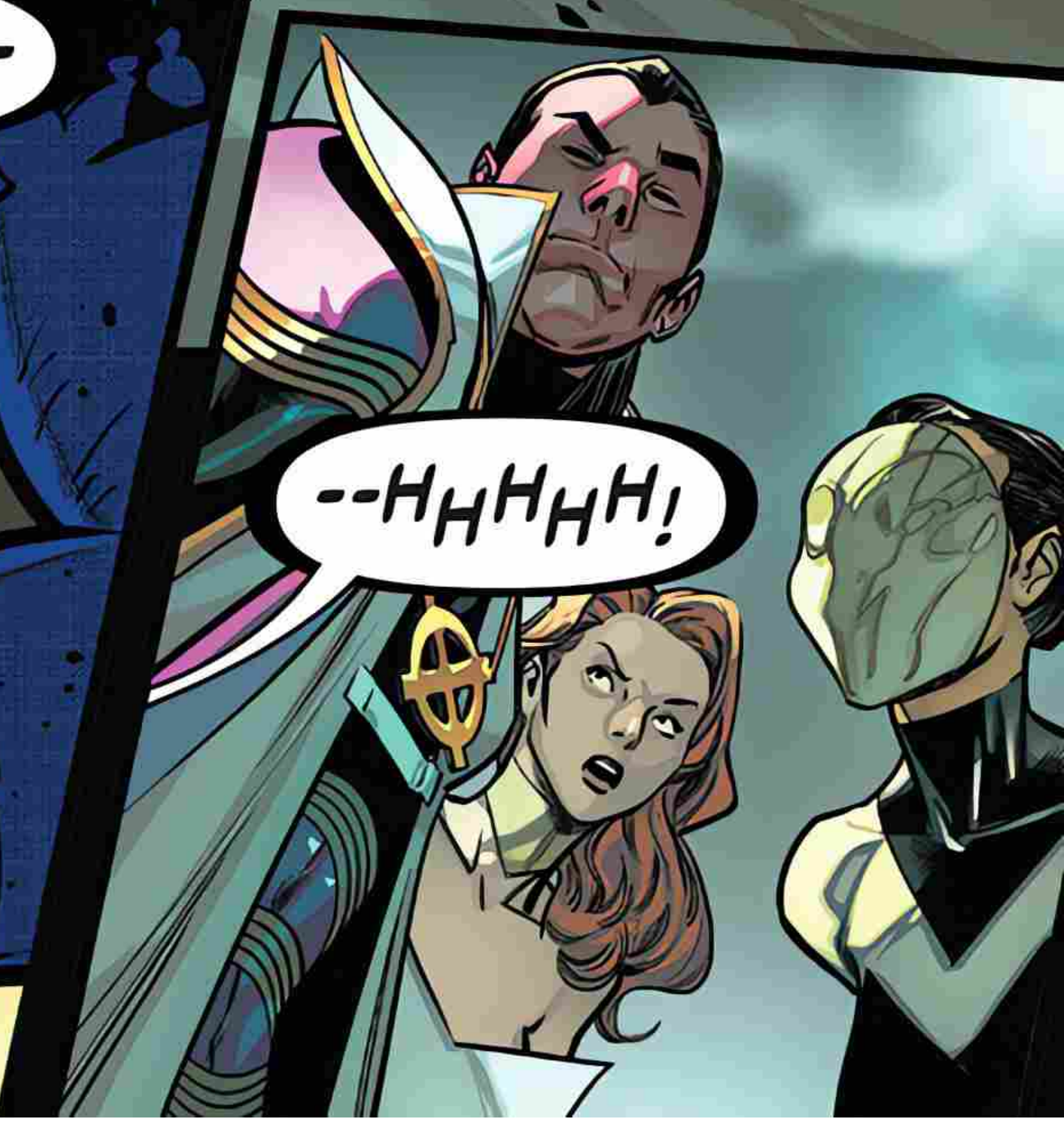
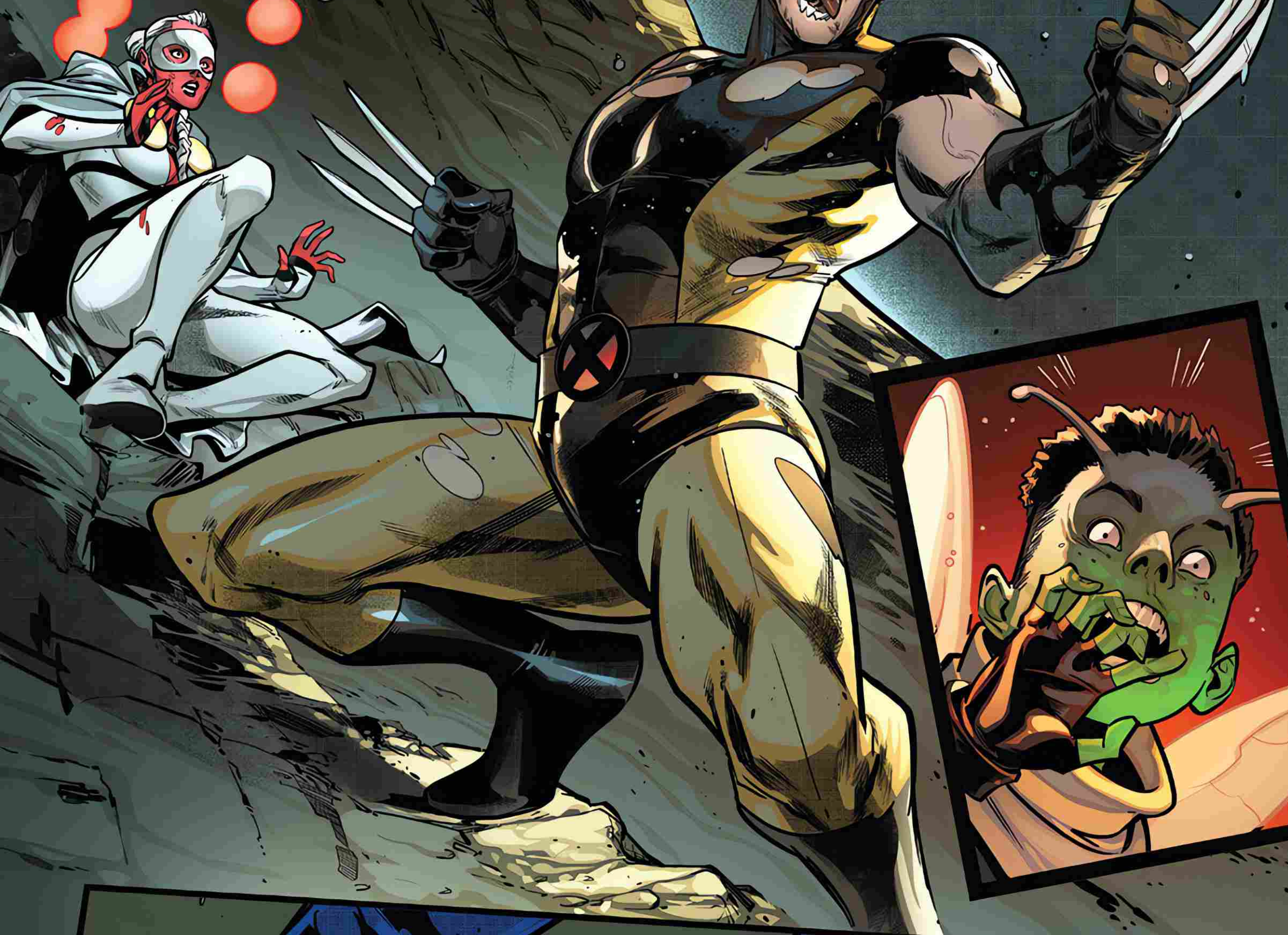


We're as likely to see a taco bar as a mons--

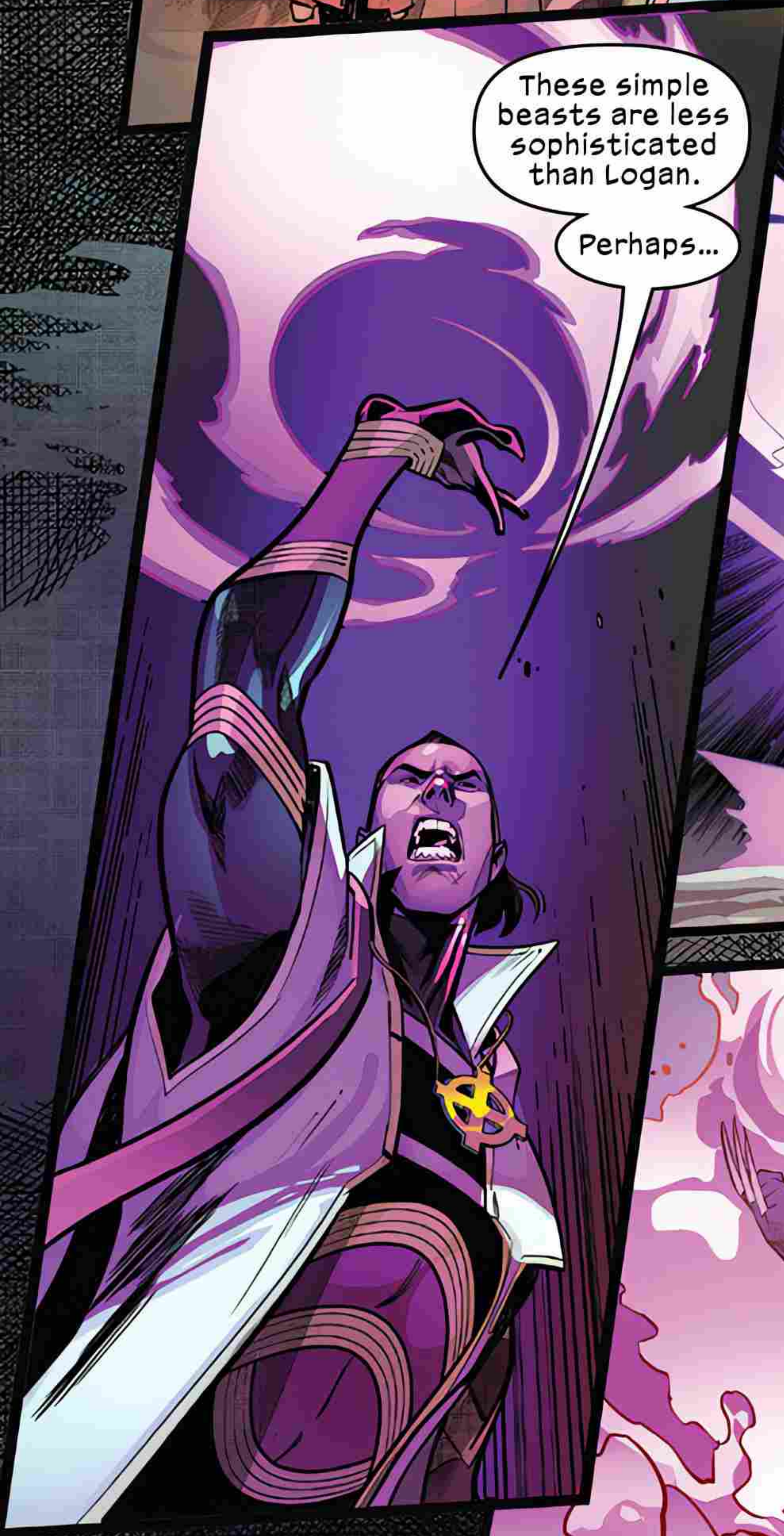
Huh.

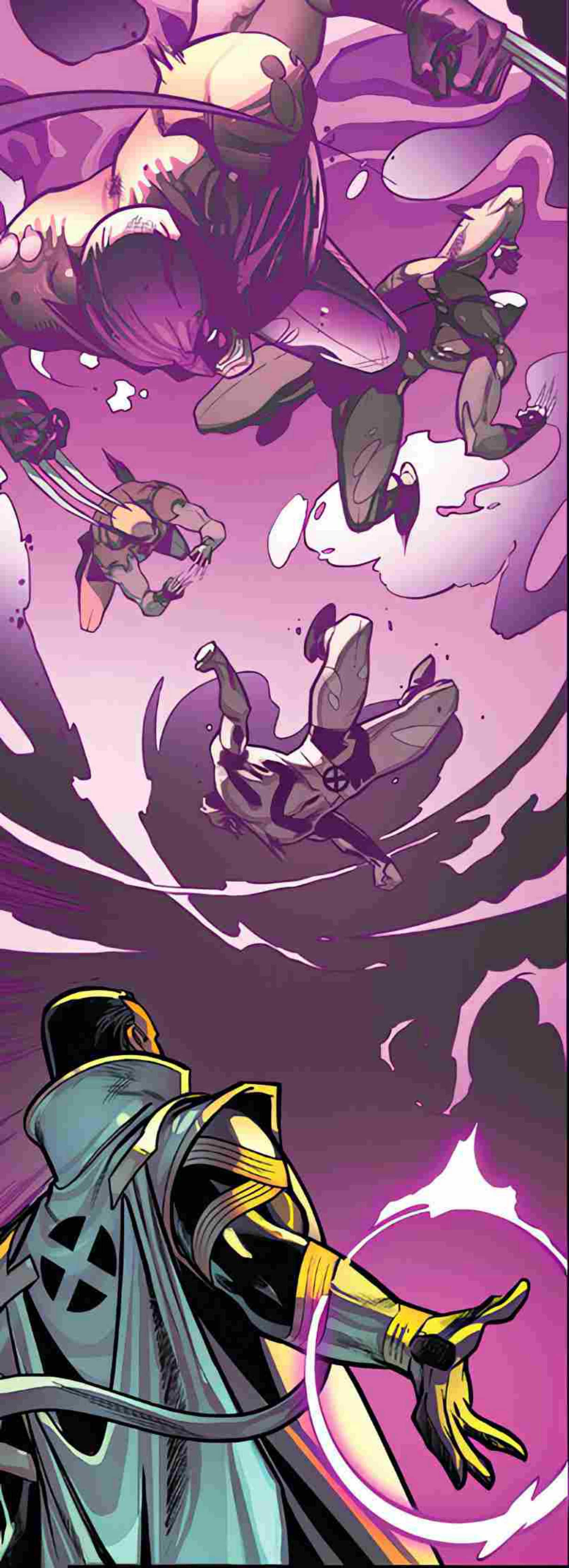


GAHKKKKKK!











...if he hadn't got that Logan chasing after him, Mr. Stabby would have got through my shield eventually.

My magic isn't working great, wherever we are...

Good to see friendly faces. I saw the lights in the distance and was heading this way, and he just jumped out of the sand and came at me, like a killer rabbit. Didn't half give me a fright.



Oh god. That accent.

Is that Mother Righteous?

The one and only, hun.

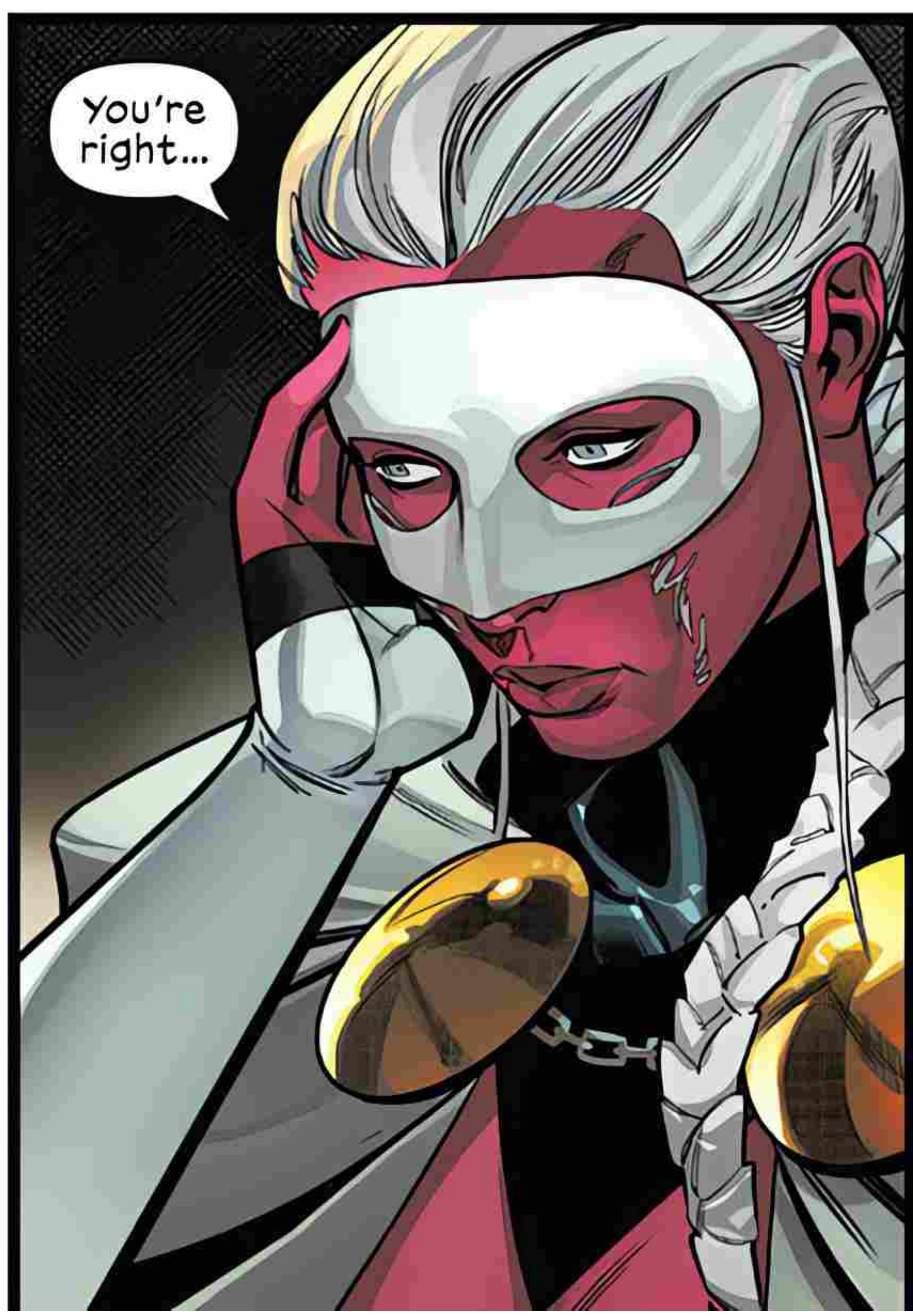
Are you okay? You're looking a bit wobbly.



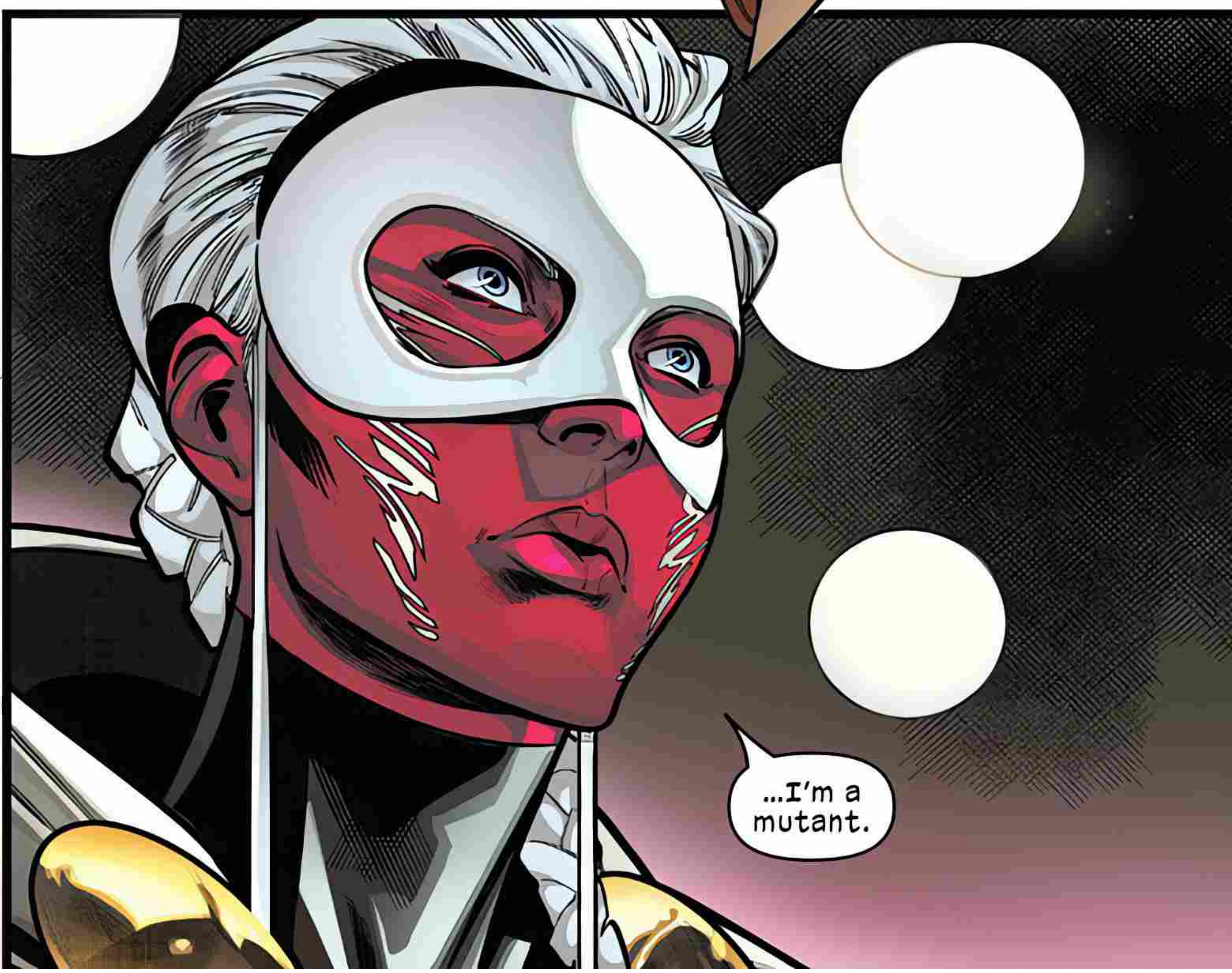
Wherever we are, I cannot see from here.

However, I *can* remember what I saw. You were always a hole...a gap. Concealed.

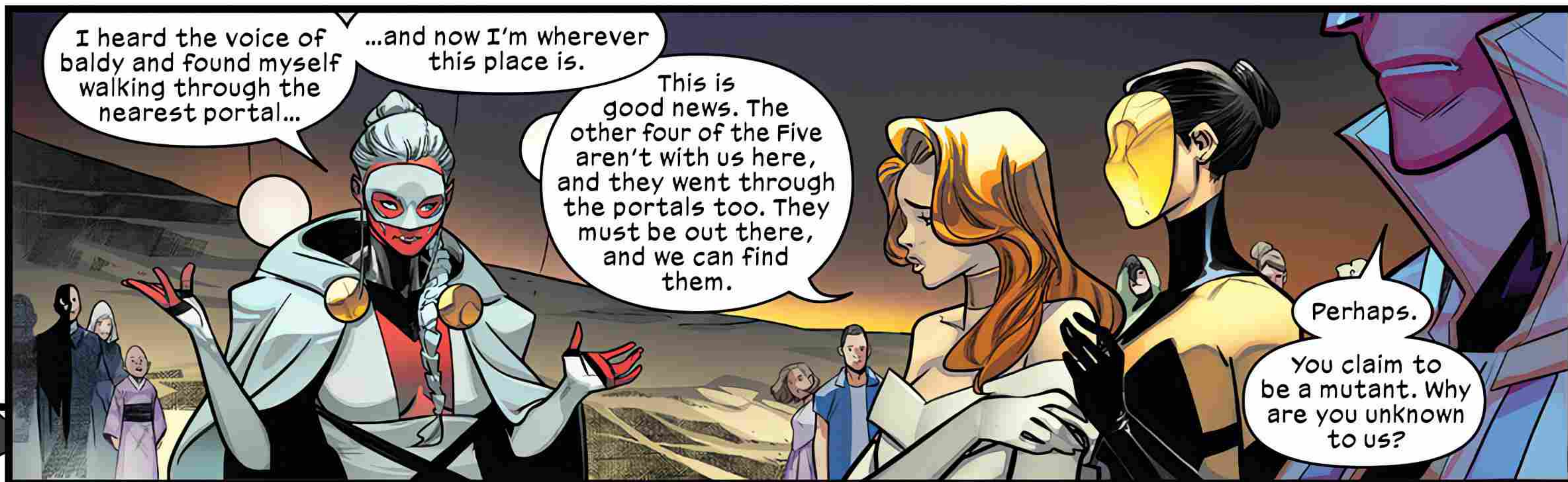
She has a huge secret.



You're right...



...I'm a mutant.



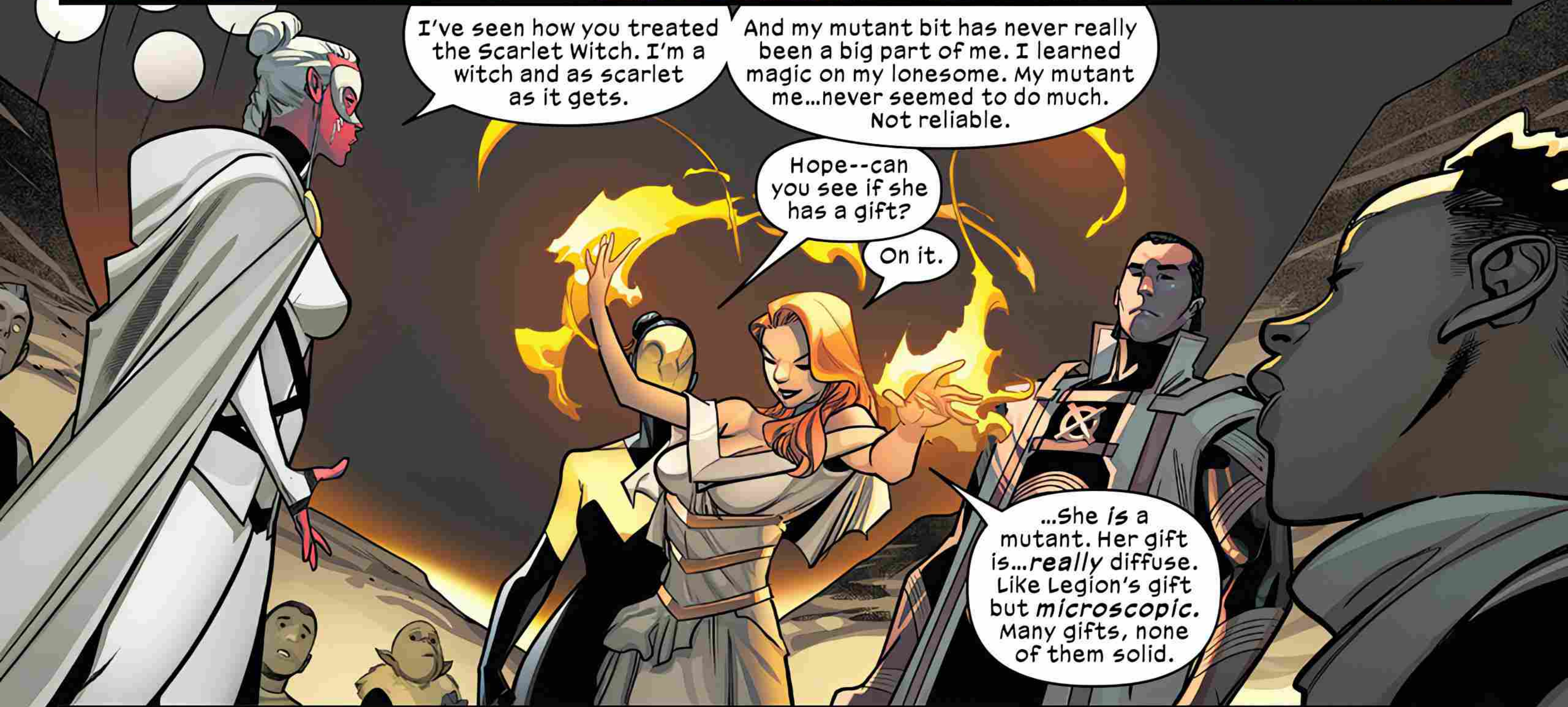
I heard the voice of baldy and found myself walking through the nearest portal...

...and now I'm wherever this place is.

This is good news. The other four of the Five aren't with us here, and they went through the portals too. They must be out there, and we can find them.

Perhaps.

You claim to be a mutant. Why are you unknown to us?



I've seen how you treated the Scarlet Witch. I'm a witch and as scarlet as it gets.

And my mutant bit has never really been a big part of me. I learned magic on my lonesome. My mutant me...never seemed to do much. Not reliable.

Hope--can you see if she has a gift?

On it.

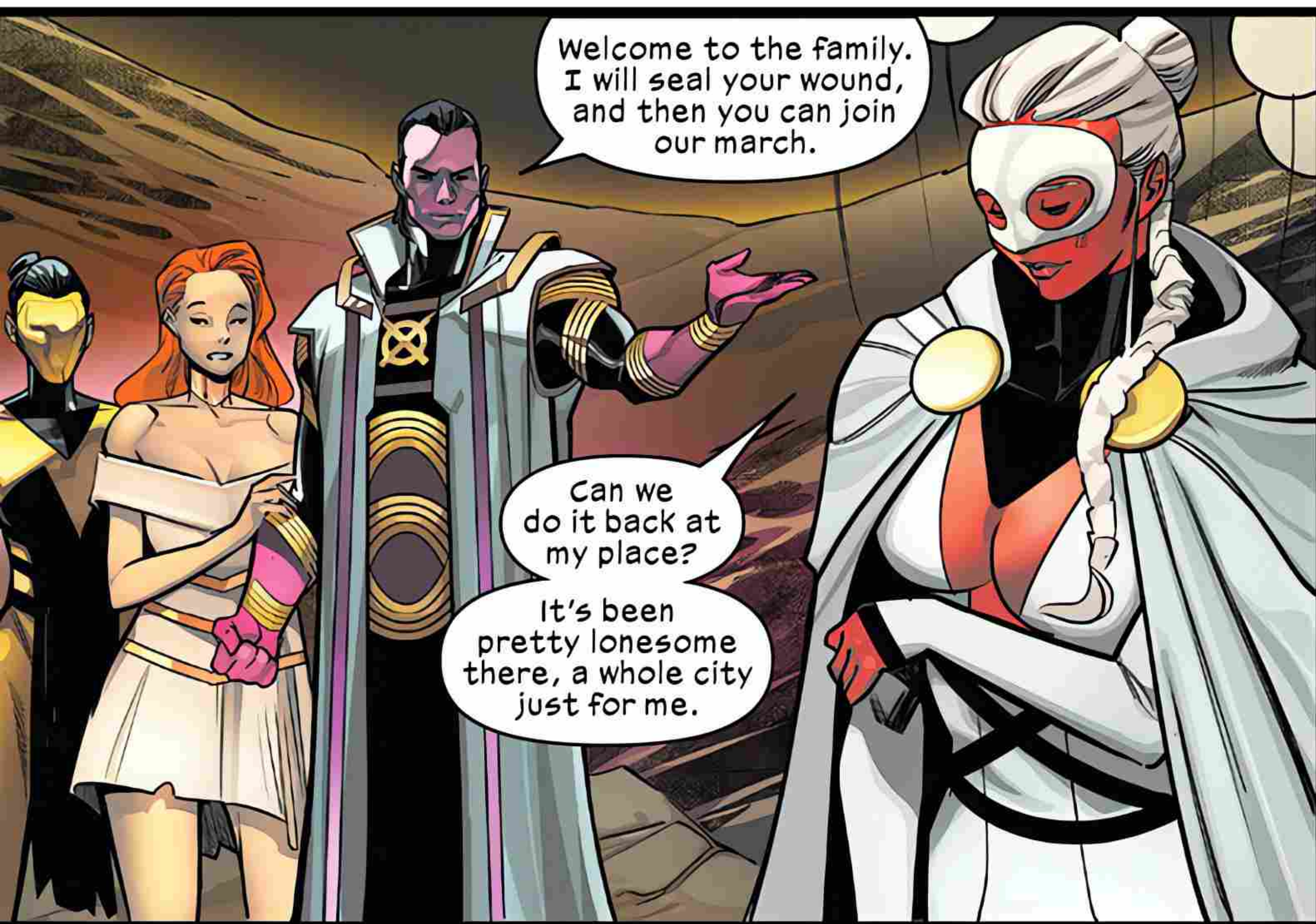
...She is a mutant. Her gift is...really diffuse. Like Legion's gift but *microscopic*. Many gifts, none of them solid.



Maybe you have huge potential?

Well, that would be nice. A working-class British girl, done good.

I could be Margaret Thatcher, except not evil.



Welcome to the family. I will seal your wound, and then you can join our march.

Can we do it back at my place?

It's been pretty lonesome there, a whole city just for me.



Or we could go to wherever you're based.

Where is your city, anyway?

I made a deal with Mother Righteous. I know that was a mistake, but I was in a rush and *infuriated*...

My fraternity of
Externals had been
wrought into a magical
gate in an act of
magic and murder.

I was in a rush to free
them--one thing Krakoa
wouldn't want me to do,
and one thing I couldn't
do quietly.

Untangling magic
is always harder
than making it...

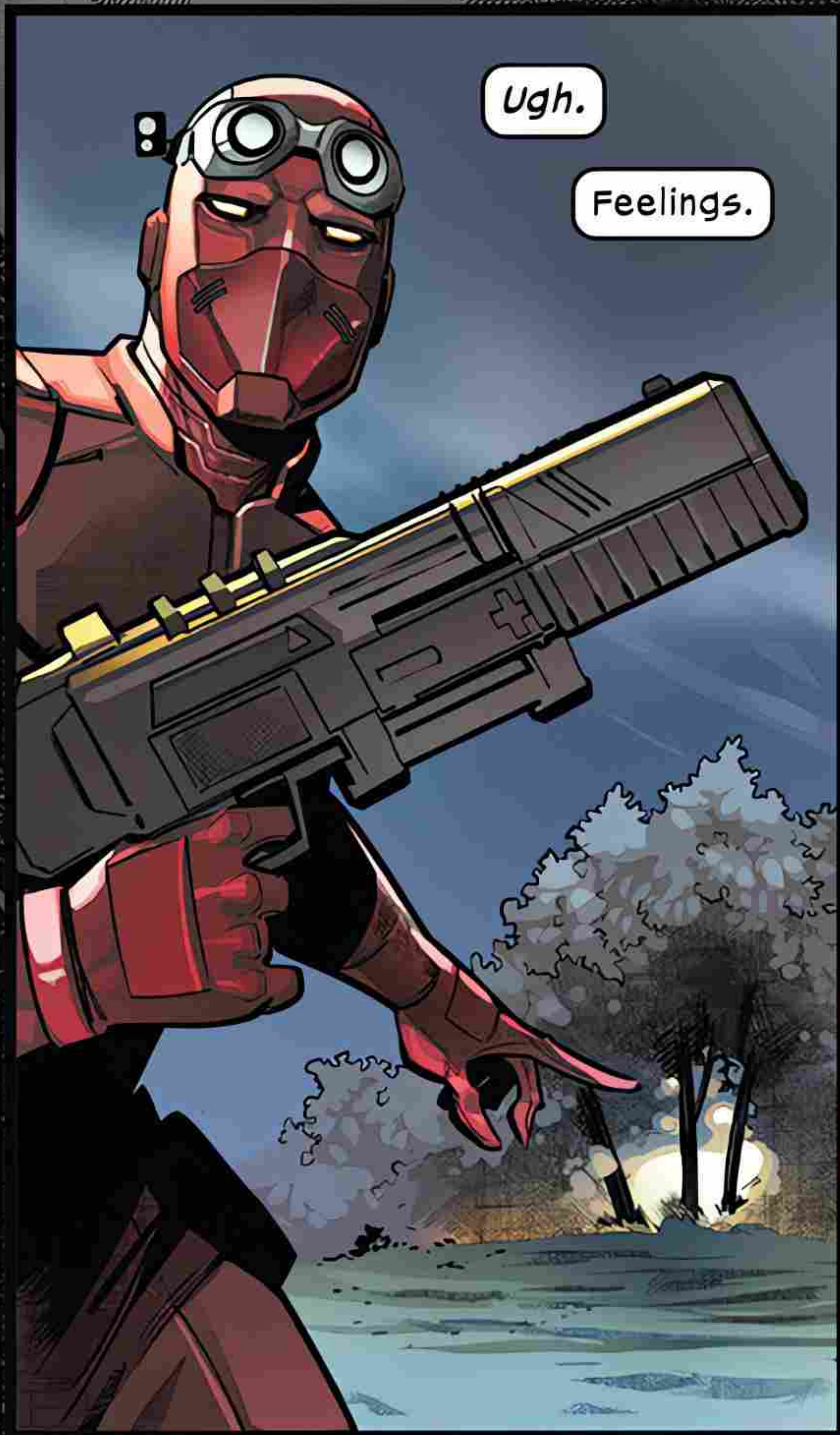
...and while the mage
who performed the
spell *is* younger, it's
only by a few years.

Apocalypse does
know his way around
a demonic ritual.

The second we have it
secured, I can bring back
my fellow Externals...



While they'll owe me, I am being a
little sentimental. Across twenty
thousand years, the few faces who stick
around do get a few feelings attached.



Ugh.

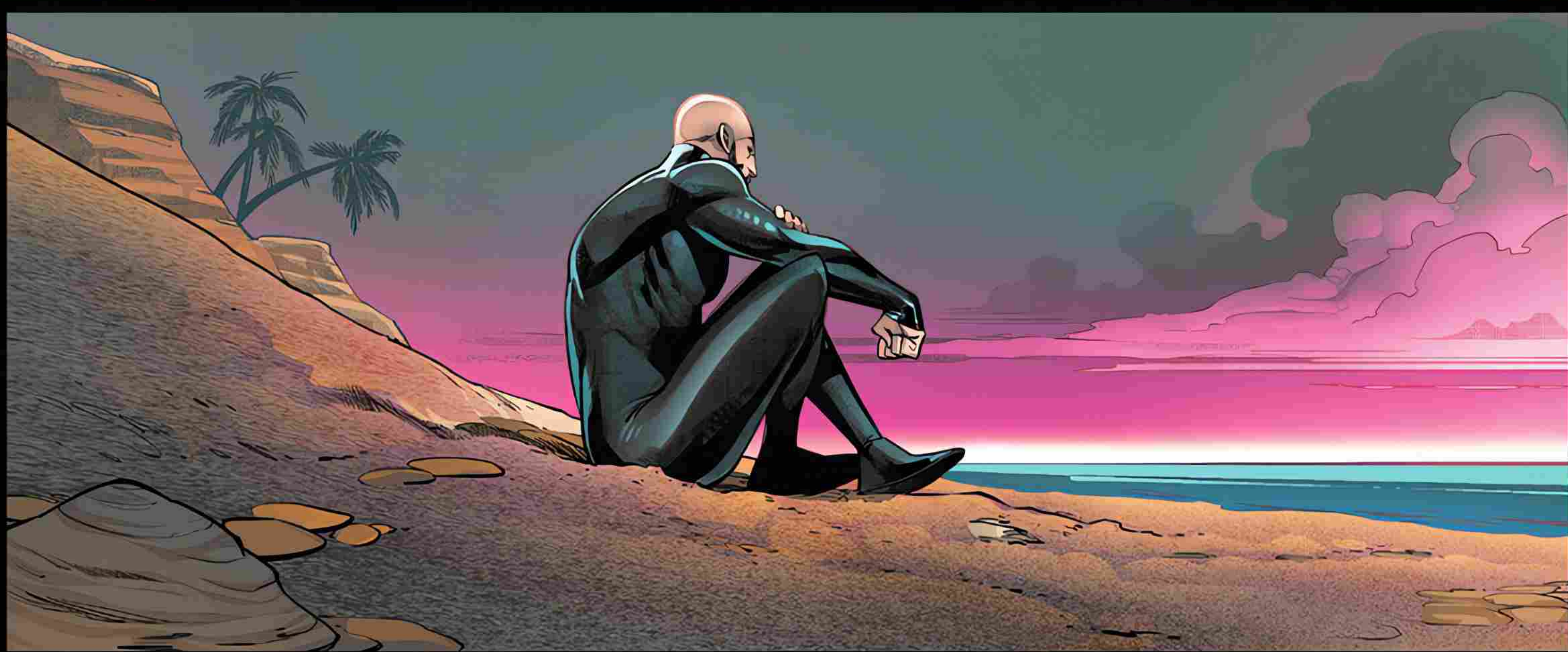
Feelings.

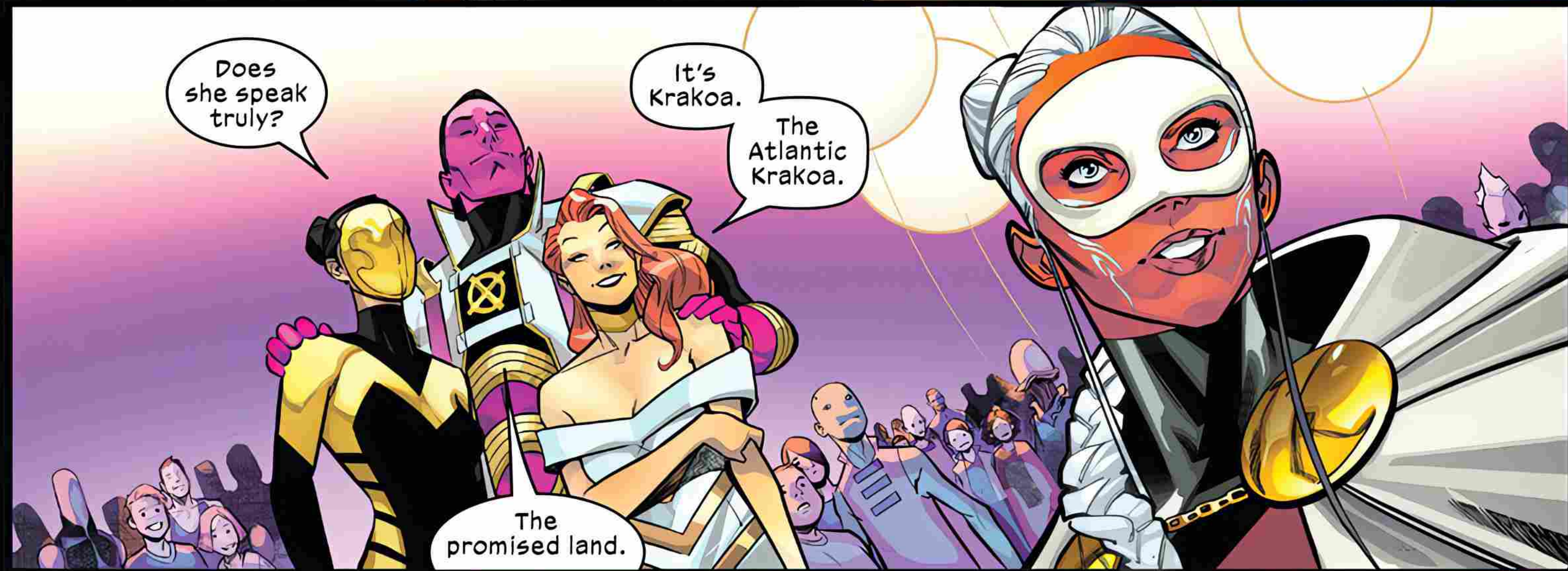


Anti-
psionics?



Morning.







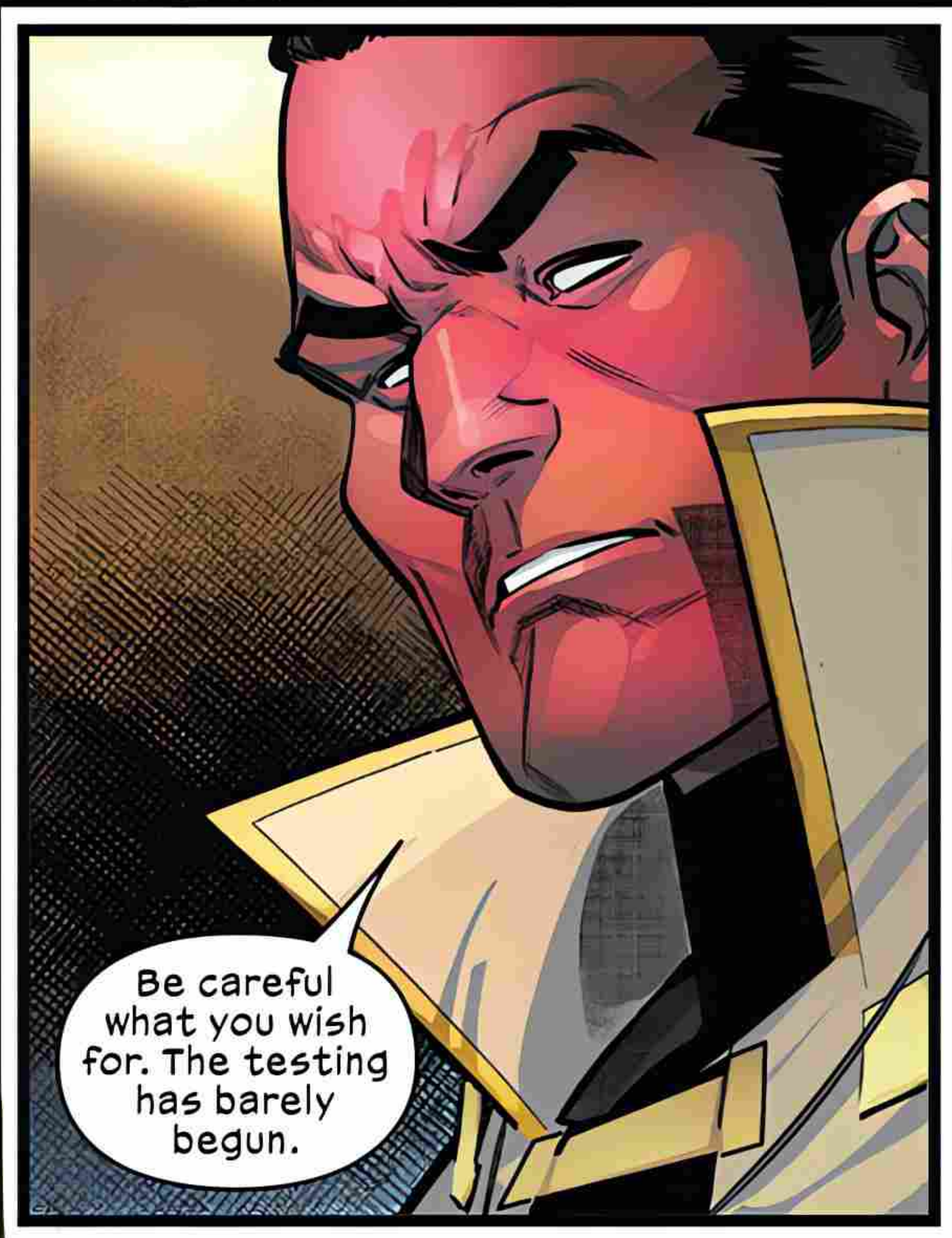
I do not think our testing is over.

An oasis is of the desert, and the desert remains a place of testing...

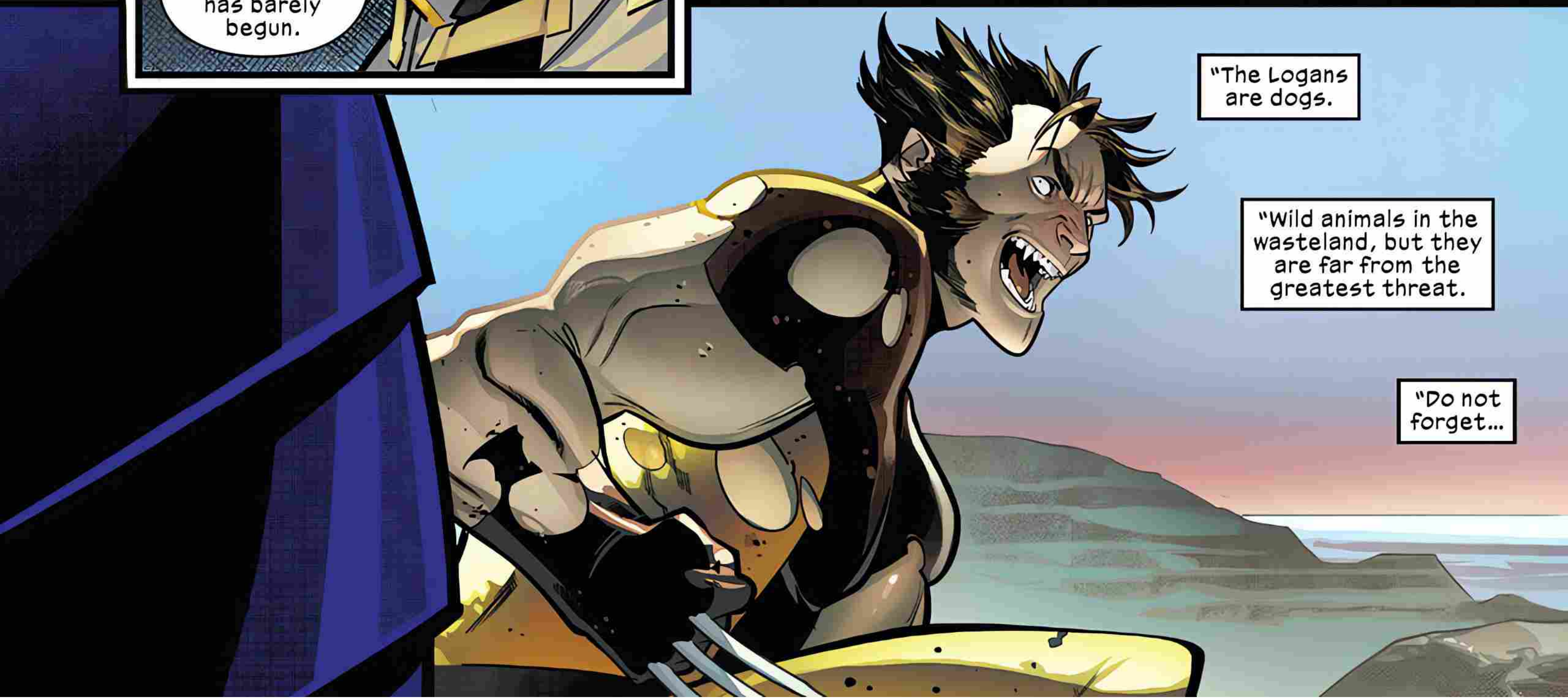
...and soon, revelation.

As in, finding out where we are and how to get home?

Roll on the testing. Logan stabbed me once back when the Avengers and X-Men were at war. Yeah, it was awful, but I handled it then, and I can handle it again.



Be careful what you wish for. The testing has barely begun.



"The Logans are dogs."

"Wild animals in the wasteland, but they are far from the greatest threat."

"Do not forget..."

"...the desert is
also the home
of *Satan*."



KOA is MORTALS for all

FOLLOW THE FALL:



[kra_[0.0]-]
[koa_[0.0]-]
[Immortal_[0.15]

GHOST RIDER/WOLVERINE:
WEAPONS OF VENGEANCE OMEGA #1:

➤ IMMORTAL X-MEN #15

UNCANNY SPIDER-MAN #1:

X-MEN #26:

ASTONISHING ICEMAN #2:

CHILDREN OF THE VAULT #2:

X-FORCE #44:

X-MEN RED #15:

ALPHA FLIGHT #2:

DARK X-MEN #2:

WOLVERINE #37:

INVINCIBLE IRON MAN #10:

JEAN GREY #2:

MS. MARVEL: THE NEW MUTANT #2:

REALM OF X #2: